CHILDREN DO ENJOY THE PARK

DAILY SHOW OF THE LITTLE ONES OUT OF DOORS.

Morning Procession of the White Capped Nurses and Their Charges—A Land Full of Marvels to the Dwellers in Flats—Mother Mary Still Mourned.

When our grandfathers were youngsters they hunted bears in the lofts of old barns and played Indian down in musty harness rooms. Our grandmothers, warned not to soil their newly starched pinafores, took their dishes down under the apple tree back of the well and brewed catnip tea for their favorite dolls.

Nowadays when the grumpy people in the flat above don't like the noise of romping in the halls and children and dogs are barred from many of those marble fronted houses that are shown to people in the rubberneck wagons as the representative homes of the well to do the little people have to be taken to the park to grow up. Tads of today play automobile and telephone along the wires stretched about the grass plots. Their little world teems with images and conceits that the children of seventy years ago never dreamed about.

Their balloons become airships. Their trains of cars are Twentieth Century Limiteds. The rules of the great city become their rules and its life is their life.

Of all their daydreaming and playing the hours in the park are the only heritage that comes to them from their grandfathers and grandmothers who knew what trees and grass and birds were, even though they did not play at being chauffeur or know that grown folks rode under the ground in lightning expresses. So it has come that Central Park, made for all the city, has become the particular domain of the children, with open air and romping space in plenty.

The city's babies and the youngsters in knickers and pinafores, whose fathers and mothers live all along the streets that give on the park, have their spell in the park as surely as they have their breakfast in the nursery and their bath in the big white tub during all the days of sunshine.

Of course nurse brings them. That means from 9 o'clock in the morning until the chill winds begin to blow in the afternoon there are several hundred little tikes tumbling on the grass or sedately looking out from the hoods of their perambulators and almost as many nurses keeping watch. This is as distinctively one of the signs of the city's daily life as the turmoil on Broad street's curb market or the after theatre parade on Broadway.

It is not long after breakfast that the white capped nurses and the children begin to come down the side streets and into the leafy avenues of the park. From Fifth avenue mansions all the way down to the encroaching lines of business houses, from all of the cross streets east and west of the park and down from Cathedral Heights come the children and guardians.

The great green strip with its many walks, velvety meadows and rocky hillocks absorbs the whole army of toddlers, and passersby would not know that here the land had been preempted by little citizens if they did not turn in at one of the many entrances and hear the prattle and the laughter that come from behind the screens of greenery on all sides.

The park is a land full of new surprises for the youngster. He can play Robinson Crusoe and discover added wonders each day. There are Alps to climb over where the gray rocks push through the sod.

Bears may be found if one dares to search into the thickets down by the swan lake. A cavern where pirates are wont to hide may be peeped at from the security of nurse's skirts. Then if one really wishes to find the fairy godmother of all the squirrels all he has to do is to keep a sharp watch in the crotches of the trees for the little star of tinsel and the fairy crook that the good godmother carries.

Maybe grown folks don't know or don't remember how it feels to climb away up to the top of that little hill down by the swan lake and then all take hands and run down. Somebody is just sure to tumble first and then everybody goes and nurse just screeches out not to get those white clothes all grass stained. Or maybe those tired looking people who come to the park and drop down on a bench all huddled up wish they could get out and all join in the hide and seek over there by the bushes and the funny wood house.

But after all the best fun of the day is when nurse on the way home goes down the sloping path to where the old animal houses are and just as you come around the corner by the little foxes' cage that old lion lets out a roar and then the tiger takes it up and all the other lions. And it all ends up with those funny shuddery snorts that lions put on at the end of their roars.

When those funny snorts come you wonder how you would like to wake up that night and look over behind the chair where your clothes are hanging and see right there two shining green balls of fire. Isn't that just the most shuddery thing you could think of; isn't that the best end of a bully day?

Some of the children who go to the park asked their nurses a few weeks ago what was the matter with old Mother Mary, who used to live in the little lodge down by the cross-road and who tended the sheep. Nurse maybe said that Mother Mary had gone away for a long, long time, but that she was still looking out for little boys and girls in the country where she was.

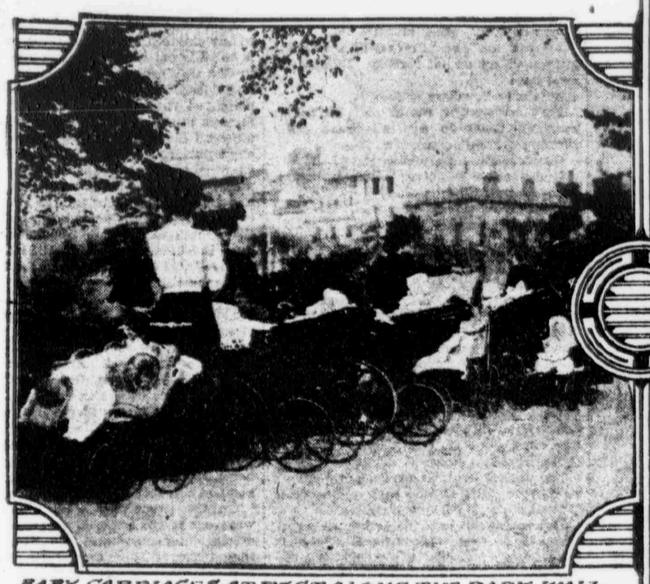
Before Mother Mary went on that long journey she used to bake cookies in that little kitchen back of her ivy covered house. You could smell the cookies away off by the end of the iron fence there where the sheep used to stay. Then when you went around to the back door Mother Mary would be standing there with her hands behind her back.

"Guess which hand," Mother Mary used to say.

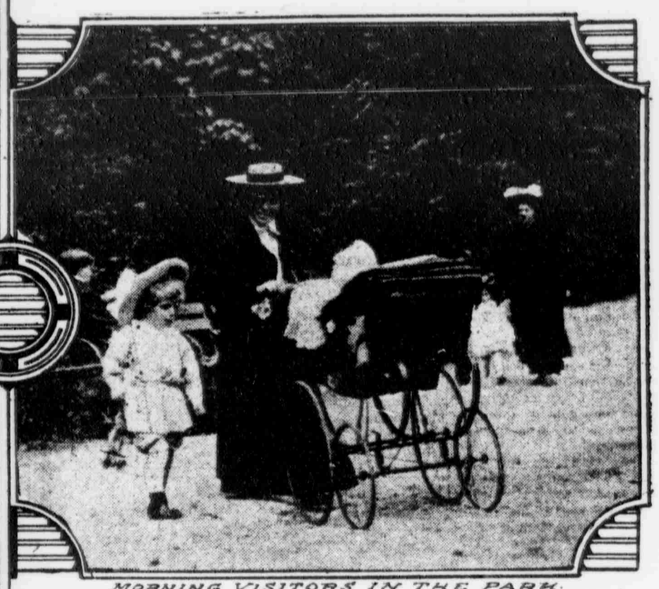
You guessed and then both hands came out, each with cookies—all sugary and brown—and then Mother Mary used to have a sweet old way of saying, "God bless you, girlie," or "A brave lad, this."

They called her the shepherdess of the sheep on the city's payroll, but Mother Mary was the shepherdess of the little children of Central Park for many, many years. And some of the grown fathers and mothers who had once played in Central Park had wet eyes when they read that Mother Mary had gone on that long journey.

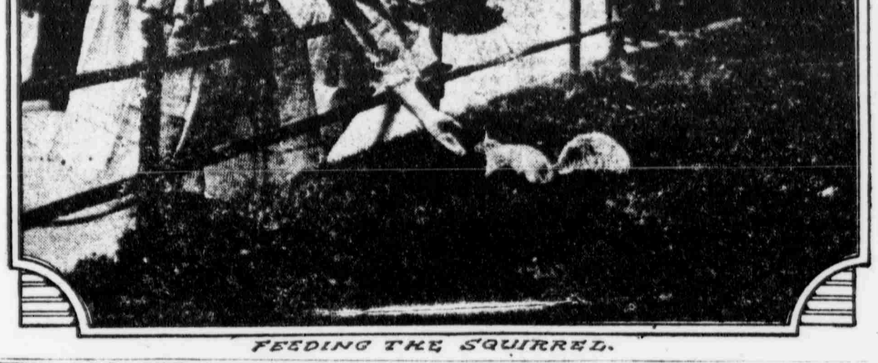
LITTLE GARDENERS.



BABY CARRIAGES AT REST ALONG THE PARK WALL.



MORNING VISITORS IN THE PARK.



FEEDING THE SQUIRREL.

SHADY TRICKS AT BRIDGE

PLAYS THAT ARE GIVING THE GAME A BAD NAME.

Women Declared to Be Worse Sinners Than Men—Advantages One May Take With Impunity Almost—Actual Cheating in Some Instances—Studying Out Methods.

If there is anything calculated to hasten the approaching decline of bridge as a social favorite it is the increase in the number of players who indulge in practices which are distinctly unfair.

In a man's club they have not only the power but also the will to put a stop to anything of this kind. Of course they do it nicely and without any fuss.

A member notices something suspicious and speaks of it quietly to a friend. The latter watches and confirms the fears of the first. Then a third is taken into their confidence, and finally they bring the matter to the attention of one of the board of governors in a tentative way as if it were perhaps all a mistake, but curious.

After a little investigation one of the club servants is quietly directed to tell Mr. So-and-so the next time he comes to the door that his resignation has been accepted and that he is no longer a member. Unless he is very dense he takes the hint and departs. A college professor who thought he could brazen it out and would not take his medicine quietly insisted on facing his accusers, with the result that what was merely a suspicion was proved beyond all question, and instead of his being able to continue his professorial duties, minus his club membership, he wound up as a waiter in a Bowery restaurant.

But you cannot regulate things that way among women. While women are very ready to talk and to compare notes and even to name people, they are never willing to make charges to a committee.

It was not more than a year ago that a woman's club caught one of its members red handed with a pocketbook that she had taken from a card table at which she was playing a moment before. Did they do anything? Oh, no. Of course it was all a mistake, they said, even though the same woman had been under suspicion of crooked practices for months.

She is still a member of that club in good standing; watched, of course, and talked about, but never openly denounced or asked to resign.

There seems to be something in the game of bridge more than in other games that tends to sap the moral sensibilities. Strange to say, playing bridge for money does not seem to excite the cupidity of women half so much as playing for a prize. The things that otherwise respectable and highly moral women will stoop to for the sake of winning a prize in a bridge tournament are simply astounding.

One of the favorite tricks when the game is pivot bridge is for four friends to arrange their own table and to agree that they will double and redouble everything, no matter what the declaration may be, so that at least one person at the table shall have a tremendous score. The result is practically the same as if the trick values were 8, 16, 24, 32 and 48, instead of the ordinary series of 2, 4, 6, 8 and 12.

In a recent game at which the play lasted only two hours the winner unblushingly presented a card which showed she was more than fourteen thousand points plus. In order to even things up among themselves the same four will go to another party, at which some other member of the quartet will make top score.

When there are not enough to make up a table two playing as partners will frequently take advantage of their opponents in ways against which there is really no defence. While one deals the cards her partner picks up her hand as fast as the cards are given to her, and almost before the dealer has time to sort her hand dummy asks sweetly:

"Did you leave it to me, dear?"

"Yes, dear."

"No trumps."

If the question is not asked but the cards are held in the hand dummy is not anxious to make it, but has a trick or two. If the dummy lays down her cards there is nothing in them.

Dummy can do a great many unfair things to which it is difficult to take exception because of the ready excuse that the player was mistaken, that is all. But some things are beyond detection even.

When it was the rule to take a trick for a lead out of the wrong hand many women were in the habit of arranging some little private signal, such as putting both hands to the hat, to warn the dealer that she was about to lead out of the wrong hand and lose a trick.

A very common practice is for dummy to overlook the adversaries' hand, especially the one on the dealer's right, and then when it comes to a question of a doubtful finesse, or a deep one, dummy can slightly arrange the cards so that the first one touched is the correct one to play. Sometimes they boldly push the card forward, if it is simply an ace-queen finesse, asking meekly:

"Did you say this one, dear?"

If none one insists that the suggestion by dummy of the play of a card entitles the adversaries to prevent its play of course she says she did not suggest anything, but thought her partner asked her to play that card. If it was a man there would be a row; but what are you going to do with a woman in such a case?

When a player has no partner that is in her confidence there are still many little ways in which she can help herself. A very common practice is shuffling the cards before cutting for partners in such a way that the third or fourth card from either end shall be an ace, which will give the player drawing it the first deal of the rubber. As this is supposed to be worth odds of 10 to 9 at least it helps a bit.

Another common practice which was actually taught to pupils by a certain bridge teacher is to press hard on the pack when spreading it, because that usually makes the cards with less ink on them slip more easily than the others. The result is that the spread pack will have a number of breaks in it, and those cards which have slipped far past the ones below are usually cards of low denomination. A knowledge of this fact enables persons to get the first deal and also to get together as partners.

Probably one of the most audacious methods of cheating, for it can be called by no lighter name, is that adopted by a woman, erroneous cancellation of scores.

It is a common practice with some scorekeepers to cancel equal sums during the progress of the game so as to reduce the labor of adding up at the end. If one side has an item of 36 scored it can be cancelled if items of 18, 12 and 6 are simultaneously cancelled on the other side.

A little error such as cancelling six too much or too little will hardly ever be noticed, especially when previous cancellations have been made; and if it is it is easy to smile sweetly and thank you so much for pointing it out, and how careless of me, &c. But the steady advantage of from twelve to thirty points picked up on every rubber of any length is something that no one can stand against.

Another extremely daring piece of cheating, which cannot be tried more than once in an evening however, is to break a card during the play of a hand and then claim a new deal. Under the rules if a pack is found to be incomplete or imperfect and the imperfection is discovered during the play of a hand that deal is void. An imperfect pack is one in which there are duplicate or missing cards, or cards so torn or marked that they can be identified by the backs.

When dummy has declared no trumps and lays down a hundred aces and it looks as if the dealer were about to make a grand slam it is about time to mutilate one corner of a card and then show it and insist that the pack is imperfect and that there must be a new deal with another pack. A matter of 224 points is worth saving.

In addition to all this there are of course many private conventions and signals with the cards which have been previously agreed upon between partners. These absolutely defy detection unless the play can be closely watched for a large number of games, and even then the evidence would be very doubtful.

It is bad enough for people to study out such methods themselves, but when bridge teachers instruct their pupils to use such tricks as rotary discards and *double entendre* echos, bridge is in a pretty bad way. No wonder people are taking up skat.

ONE BUYS FOR ALL, BY TURNS

COOPERATIVE SHOPPING WORKS WELL IN THIS FLAT.

From a Chance Agreement Between Two Families It Has Worked Out Into a System Which Includes All the Tenants —Saving in Groceries $10 a Month.

Cooperative shopping has proved so successful in a certain apartment house on the upper West Side that the tenants declare it to be the greatest of all modern discoveries, while the landlord asserts that as a receipt for keeping tenants in a house there is nothing that comes within miles of it.

"Yes, they say I discovered it," admitted the mistress of the fourth apartment on the ninth floor. "We were the first to sign a lease when the house opened four years ago, though when we finally moved in there were six families ahead of us. You see I came here as a bride straight from our wedding trip. Perhaps that was the reason I made friends with all the other women in the house. It was the first time I had ever lived in a city and strange at first.

"There was one other apartment on this floor when we came in. Yes, they are there still. But what I was going to say is that the lady who was on this floor when we came in was so good and motherly to me that we soon became fast friends. Whenever I bought too much of anything for my own use she would take it off my hands. That was the very beginning, and from that we began to consider each other in our buying. When either of us found a bargain we would get enough for both.

"It proved so satisfactory that when the other women in the house found it out they all asked to be counted in. That was rather more than my friend and I had counted on, and yet living in the house together and all needing about the same things it seemed ungracious not to let them in. None of us had any too much of this world's goods, so we all knew what it meant to want to make a dollar go as far as possible. We talked the matter over and finally her husband came to our rescue.

"'Look here,' said he, when we had explained it all to him, showed him just how much we had really saved during a month in buying groceries alone. 'Now, look here, you have struck a good thing and can do much better by taking all the women in the house in if you will only control your tempers and use business methods.' Then he told us of places where we could buy at wholesale, instead of by the large packages which we had thought such a wonderful saving.

"He worked the whole plan out for us. We were to take turns buying and dividing. Each woman was to buy for the entire club for one month, and the articles bought were to be divided by two others. The money? Oh, he insisted on cash payments, that is, that we were to have the money in hand before we started downtown to buy the goods. Every buying day every member of the club who needed anything was to hand in her order and the amount it would probably cost. With this money in hand the articles were to be bought at wholesale, and if there was a saving then the difference was to be returned.

"I was the first buyer, and I shall never forget how uncertain I was about being able to please. When I reached that wholesale place and began to realize how much cheaper I was getting things I forgot about being nervous. The whole house was delighted, and I think on that occasion at least every one assisted in dividing the groceries. It seemed so wonderful to see a whole barrel of flour and two dozen whole hams in place of the small packages and slices to which we were accustomed.

"At the end of the first month the club held its first business meeting to compare that month's expenses with the previous month's. I mean, of course, expenses of the kitchen, for at that time we were only buying groceries by the quantity. For two in a family with one servant there was an average saving of something more than ten dollars.

"At that first business meeting the scheme was voted a success and we proceeded to elect officers for the club and to appoint buying and dividing committees for each month. You see it had proved such a success that all of us were willing and glad to go into it for the year. That meant an extra saving, for as the summer was coming on we determined to lay in our winter supply of coal at wholesale summer prices, instead of waiting for the regular winter's advance in prices. Then, too, we counted on saving a lot in sugar and fruit to do our own canning and preserving.

"Then, as I have said, we were only buying household supplies at wholesale; now even our hats are bargained for as a household. How do we manage that? Why, easily enough. We have two good milliner shops make for us. We take nothing unless it is just exactly what we want, but we have an understanding with them that if we are forced to go elsewhere other women in the house will go with us and so lose them more than the trade of one customer. As a rule I go to several hat shops each season before buying, and if I find something that I fancy I try it on, examine it, then go to one of our regular milliners and they duplicate it. Often they send a trimmer down to look at the hat.

"We also save in the same way on our tailor bills. Say ten of us patronize the same shop and each have two suits a year, doesn't it seem reasonable that we should get a reduction? The materials are almost exclusively bought by the piece instead of by the pattern. Why, when any of us wants a certain dress, blue serge for instance, she takes samples and turns them over to whoever happens to be buying that month. The samples go the rounds of the club and if another woman wants a blue serge dress she indicates which sample she prefers and the number of yards."

GIRLS DEFENDED THE SOLDIERS.

Boycott Against Boycott in a German Village—Cure for Jealousy

There is always jealousy in the German rural districts over the favor that the troops detailed to various villages and small towns find from the young women.

Things took a queer turn this summer in Forst, a village of Baden, near Bruchsal, where the One Hundred and Forty-Second Regiment of the line, recruited at Offenburg, was quartered during the season of field training. The good old method of thrashing soldiers who made themselves agreeable to the girls proved a dismal failure. The men of the One Hundred and Forty-Second were husky and hard hitters and stood together when threatened by numbers. The country boys at last determined to get square with the girls who accepted attentions from the soldiers.

The word was therefore passed around that any girl who was detected in talking, walking or flirting with a "musketeer," or receiving visits from one, should be boycotted—they have adopted the word into German—at the dance which was to follow the religious services at the close of the harvesting. A notice to this effect was even printed in the Bruchsal newspaper. It seemed quite settled that the girls who smiled on the soldiers should have no partners at the great event of the year.

But the young men altogether underestimated the loyalty of the girls to each other. In the very next number of the Bruchsal paper there appeared a notice of the unanimous resolve of all the maidens of Forst to boycott completely the local youth at the coming dance. A formal invitation was further conveyed to the members of the One Hundred and Forty-Second Regiment to come to the dance, with an assurance that they would not lack partners so far as the Forst girls would go 'round. The young women's notice ended with these patriotic words:

It is not clear to us why we should be expected to treat the soldiers slightingly. Are they not as good men as our lads in Forst? And why should the poor soldier who serves his God, his prince and his fatherland have no one to say a kind word to him?

This was signed "The Association of Girls of Forst for the Improvement of Foreign Relations, Especially with Regiment No. 142." Negotiations for a truce, it is reported, were not wholly unsuccessful, and no engagements were broken.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

It was in a Lenox avenue subway train and a very tired and cross youngster of 4, who had evidently spent the day shopping with his mother, was keeping the car in a turmoil by a little pastime of his own. He sprawled all over his mother's lap, at the same time keeping up a whimpering cry. "Mamma, mamma, mamma."

This went on until an elderly man sitting next suddenly turned to the child with:

"Have you a father?"

The youngster, startled out of his imaginary grief, stopped crying and nodded his head, "Yes."

"Well, for heaven's sake, call him and give your mother a rest."

The boy sat up like a ramrod and never let out another whimper.

A newly wedded husband who was very much in love with his wife was trying to explain to her the other day how lonesome it was to get home and find her gone.

"Why, do you know," said he, "when I get home and find you're not here it seems as if there weren't any pictures on the walls."

Women who aim at individuality are using the French style of correspondence paper for their informal notes. As this obviates the necessity of an envelope it is greatly liked. The paper comes in sheets suitable for one folding in oblong fashion and is made with a perforated border around the four sides. The latter is coated with mucilage which seals the sheet and is torn off in opening the letter.

"Nurses nowadays think they have such a hard time," said an old graduate of St. Luke's the other day, "but they don't know what hard work is. They say they work every minute, and I don't doubt that; but there are not the emergency demands now that there were in my day, and then there are more nurses to depend upon. To-day nurses go on duty at 7 o'clock and are turned out at 7 at night. We went on at 6 o'clock and very frequently worked up to 9 and 10 o'clock.

"Many a time I remember the superintendent coming over to the training school after we had turned in for the night, saying 'We have an operation in an hour. Who of you will come over to assist?' And some of us would get up, dress and go back to help out when we were almost dead ourselves.

"We were supposed to have one hour off a day, while pupil nurses now get two. The chances were that we didn't get even that. To-day nurses usually have half a day Sunday, while we had four hours.

"Nevertheless I wouldn't change my training for the best given to-day. It was possible then to get in touch with your chief in a way that could not be done to-day, and the inspiration we received from her did more than anything else to keep up our spirits and our strength. Her personality was impressed upon every one of the women with whom she came in contact, and I wouldn't part with that feature of the training for the best the modern hospital training schools afford."

No women have a better idea of fashions than the inspectors who meet the incoming liners from across the water or look over the baggage on arrival at the pier.

Quite unconsciously they imbibe points on what is being worn, what colors are fashionable and what is the latest cut in clothes generally.

For all of the smart folk from this country are constantly going and coming, and there are prominent women from England and France who visit here a great deal. Last but not least there are the actresses who go over every summer to stock up with new and wonderful wardrobes. One of the customs inspectors said the other day:

"It is funny how the size of hats has changed since the beginning of the season. At first you saw nothing but those huge mushroom top pieces that literally made a woman look like a fly under a cabbage leaf. Now, however, they have grown more normal in size and are a deal prettier to my fancy. The shape is much the same, but the moderate sized chapeaus are the most popular.

"Then for a time everything was royal purple. Gowns, hats, wraps, gloves, everything was in this shade. Now you scarcely see a purple gown of any description. Everything is London smoke. Hats, gowns, veils, gloves and wraps are made up in this soft, delicate and becoming shade.

"Actresses, of course, always come out in some stunning costume when they land. Most of them this year wear white costumes throughout. Maxine Elliott, however, varied the monotony by appearing in a charming blue broadcloth costume with a blue hat and long trailing blue plume. She looked a dream. Mrs. Corey—Mabelle Gilman—wore white broadcloth, white hat, plume, &c.

"Then in the way of street gowns there is just now a lot of mulberry red, which is extremely pretty and becoming to almost every woman. Braided in black with a touch of gilt, the French costumes brought over are decidedly stunning. It is, I believe, the only thing seen in Paris to-day, at least the newest thing. Blues, in the Alice shades, come next."

To try to find a room or an apartment with a real fireplace in New York is like hunting for a needle in a haystack. Any one who has searched for one knows the difficulties to be met with. Many a girl has had her hopes blasted on the rocks of a miserable gas log substitute after searching the town in vain. The experience of one girl who thought she had scored all her friends in this respect and secured a perfectly dear little apartment in the vicinity of Washington Square with a real fireplace is particularly pathetic.

This girl, an artist, had lain awake nights thinking of her desire and had spent days in the search for the fireplace and finally found it, a real one that would burn logs of fair size. The apartment in which this wonderful fireplace was found was not vacant at the time, but the janitor assured her it would be shortly. So she left her name and address with strict injunctions to the janitor to let her know the moment the tenant was going to leave.

Word finally came and the day she was going to sign the lease she met quite by accident a friend living in the same house. Naturally the girl began telling of her joy at the prospect of having a really truly fireplace of her very own.

"But, my dear, you don't think for a moment you can use it, do you?" returned her friend in mild surprise.

"Use it, why not, I'd like to know. What am I taking the flat for?"

"Well, you had better disabuse your mind of that opinion right away. I hugged that delusion for about twenty minutes after I got in my apartment, but it soon vanished into thin air. My husband and I were just as foolish over the idea as you, and the very first thing we did when we got in was to build a huge fire and then sit down in front to enjoy it.

"This sort of thing went on for about twenty minutes, as I said, when there came a great pounding at the door. I opened it and there stood an irate janitor and two wildeyed women.

"'Have you a fire in your grate?' burst out the janitor.

"'Why, yes,' I responded in surprise.

"'Well, you must put it out at once; you've nearly set the house on fire.'

"It seems that the moment a fire was started the smoke began to pour out of the cracks and crevices on the upper floors and there was real danger of burning the house down. Of course, the landlord could be made to fix it, but no one in the house cared to report the matter if he wished to remain, and those who were going to move didn't care. So you see your fireplace will do you very little good except for ornament."

The girl didn't sign the lease.

Postmistress 61 Years.

From the London Standard.

Mrs. Kenward, whose appointment as postmistress at the quaint old postoffice at Wivelsfield, near Hayward's Heath, dates back to 1846, celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday yesterday.

Despite her years Mrs. Kenward attends to her own household duties, and is a great reader of the newspapers. She believes herself to be the oldest postmistress in the country. Her father was a farmer at Speldhurst, near Tunbridge Wells. Mrs. Kenward hopes to become a centenarian and to die in harness.

CHILDREN'S ATTENDANTS.

First Class in a New Profession for Women Just Graduated.

A new profession for women has been started at Randall's Island, where the first class of trained children's attendants has just passed final examinations.

When the class was organized, eighteen months ago, it was considered in the nature of an experiment, but the results have proved so satisfactory that in October the Department of Charities formally organized the New York City Training School for Children's Attendants, and the work was placed upon a permanent basis. Each of the twenty young women in the graduating class will receive a diploma certifying that she is competent to take care of sick and defective children.

"Our work is too new for us to tell from what direction the greatest call for our trained attendants will come," said Mrs. M. C. Dunphy, superintendent of all the city schools and hospitals for children on Randall's Island. "Some of those who are graduating will remain with us at a salary of $25 a month and expenses. We are confident there will be a great demand for the others in sanitariums and homes for children, as well as in doctors' offices and in private families.

"The course was primarily the suggestion of Commissioner Hebbard, as a means of reducing unnecessary expenses in caring for the 18,000 children under our care. All the little ones who come here are in need of medical treatment of some kind.

"A great number of them are suffering from eye and skin disease only. Bathing the eyes and administering salves, which is the only treatment required in a great many of these cases, are offices which any intelligent woman can do properly, and the time of a trained nurse is wasted in caring for them.

"By giving duties of this kind into the hands of those training as children's attendants the high salary of the regular nurse is saved, and the work is quite as well done. The attendants are under the constant supervision of the head nurse of the ward, and receive a regular course of instruction, of eighteen months.

"Before receiving certificates the attendants must be capable of administering medicines, taking temperatures and performing similar duties. They learn how to move, dress and undress a crippled child without causing unnecessary pain, and how to make beds, ventilate rooms properly and the laws of nursery hygiene.

"They are also instructed in dietetics and cooking for children or invalids. In fact they are thoroughly qualified for doctors' assistants in all except acute cases.

"In private families they would be expected to take entire charge of the children, regulating their diet and their recreation or exercise."

Miss Weekes, supervising nurse of all the hospitals on Randall's Island, is also heartily in favor of training attendants for children. It is she who has the arranging of the course they pursue and to whom they are directly responsible for the proper performance of their duties.

"A young woman requires a good grammar school education at least before she can qualify for the course," Miss Weekes said. "She has a preliminary examination and a month of probation before being accepted.

"While the physical strain on the child's attendant may not be so great as that which the trained nurse has to endure, it requires good ordinary strength.

"After the month of probation the attendant receives $20 a month while in training and $25 after graduation if she remains here. For outside service she should command from $7 to $15 a week.

"This profession will afford opportunities to many more young women after our new home for nurses is completed. At present twenty are all we can accommodate in a class, but we expect that that number will be steadily increased."